



THE
TRIAL
OF
SELIM *the* PERSIAN.



[Price One Shilling.]

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СЕРИЯ ПЕРСИАН

[Лице Оне Спиллиг]

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THE
T R I A L
OF
S E L I M *the PERSIAN,*
with Lord Dylleton
K FOR DIVERS
High Crimes and Misdemeanours.
By W. Moore.



L O N D O N:

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This belongs to Georges Goffe (no. 1)

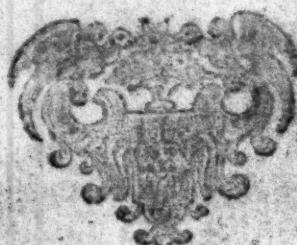
LA LIBRAIRIE
DE LA

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SE LIMITE PERSIAN

NOUVELLES

HIGH CHINESE AND MIDDLE EASTERN



LA LIBRAIRIE

DE M. COFFEE, 52 RUE DE LA PAIX - PARIS

M DCC XCVII

To call Description to call THE

TRIAL OF SELIM *the PERSIAN.*

THE Court was met; the Prisoner brought;
The Council with Instructions fraught;
And Evidence prepar'd at large,
On Oath, to vindicate the Charge.

But first 'tis meet, where Form denies
Poetic Helps of fancy'd Lies,
Gay Metaphors, and Figures fine,
And Similes to deck the Line;

The TRIAL of

'Tis meet (as we before have said)
To call Description to our Aid.

BEGIN we then (as first 'tis fitting)
With the Three CHIEFS in Judgment fitting.
Above the rest, and in the Chair,
Sat FACTION with dissembled AIR;
Her Tongue was skill'd in specious Lies,
And Murmurs, whence Contentions rise;
A smiling Mask her Features veil'd,
Her Form the Patriot's Robe conceal'd;
With studi'd blandishments she bow'd,
And drew the captivated Crowd.

HE Count
The Council with
Vaid Evidences bring'd
On Oath to vindicate the CHIEFS
Her snaky Locks, her hollow Eyes,
And haggard Form forbade Disguise;
Pale Discontent, and fullen Hate
Upon her wrinkled Forehead sat;

SELIM, THE PERSIAN.

Her Left-hand, clench'd, her Cheek sustain'd,
Her Right (with many a Murder stain'd)
A Dagger clutch'd, in Act to strike,
With Starts of Rage, and Aim oblique.
Last on the Left was CLAMOUR seen,
Of Stature vast, and horrid Mein;
With bloated Cheeks, and frantic Eyes
She sent her Yellings to the Skies;
Prepar'd with Trumpet in her Hand,
To blow Sedition o'er the Land;
With these, Four more of lesser Fame,
And humbler Rank, attendant came;
HYPOCRISY with smiling Grace,
And IMPUDENCE with brazen Face,
CONTENTION bold, with Iron Dangs,
And SLANDER with her hundred Tongues.

THE Walls in sculptur'd Tale were rich,
And Statues proud (in many a Nich).

THE TRIAL of

Of Chiefs, who fought in FACTION's Cause,

And perish'd for Contempt of Laws.

The Roof in vary'd Light, and Shade,

The Seat of ANARCHY display'd;

Triumphant o'er a falling Throne.

(By emblematic Figures known)

CONFUSION rag'd, and Lust obscene,

And Riot with distemper'd Mein,

And OUTRAGE bold, and MISCHIEF dire,

And DEVASTATION clad in Fire.

Prone on the Ground, a martial Maid

Expiring lay, and groan'd for Aid;

Her Shield with many a Stab was pierc'd;

Her Laurels torn, her Spear revers'd;

And near her, crouch'd amidst the Spoils;

A Lion panting in the Toil.

With Look compos'd the Maid her stood;

And modest Pride. By Turn's review'd

SELIM the PERSIAN.

10

The Court, the Council, and the Crowd,
And with submissive Reverence bow'd.

in Reference to the Greatest Writers

PROCEED we now, in humbler Strains,
And lighter Rhymes, with what Remains.

The Indictment grievously set forth,

That SELIM, lost to Truth and Worth,

(In Company with one WILL PINEFELD who is also a member of the
1st Company, and has been taken up)

And many more, not taken yet) and no adult gaiblud baA
In FORTY-FIVE, the Royal Palace

A THIRD CHIEF HISTORICAL WORK
Did enter, and to shame grown callous,

Did then and there his Faith forsake,
With only care as Pain to take.

He, the first set him, did his best
With mischievous intent and base.

Value unknown, a certain Place.

Wspuld no Regret care of the Fig.

He was a Second Time indicted,
For that, by evil Zeal excited,

C

With

The TRIAL of

With Learning more than Layman's Share,
 (Which Parsons want, and He might spare)

In Letter to one GILBERT WEST,

He, the said SELIM, did attest,

Maintain, support, and make Assertion

Of certain Points, from PAUL's Conversion;

By Means whereof the said Apostle

Did many an Unbeliever jostle;

Starting unfashionable Fancies,

And building Truths on known Romances.

A THIRD Charge ran, that knowing well

Wits only eat, as Pamphlets sell,

He, the said SELIM, notwithstanding

Did fall to answ'ring, shamming, Branding

Three curious Letters to the Whigs;

Making no Reader care three Figs

For any Facts contain'd therein;

By which uncharitable Sin,

He was a Second Time excited

To curse the evil Day

An

SELIM / the PERSIAN.

7

An Author, modest and deserving,
Was destin'd to Contempt and Starving;
Against the King, his Crown and Peace,
And all the Statutes in that Case.

THE Pleader rose with Brief full charg'd,
And on the Pris'ners Crimes enlarg'd —
But not to damp the Muse's Fire
With Rhet'ric, such as Courts require,
We'll try to keep the Reader warm,
And sift the Matter from the Form.

Virtue and social Love, he said,
And Honour from the Land were fled;
That PATRIOTS now, like other Folks,
Were made the Butt of vulgar Jokes;
While OPPOSITION dropp'd her Crest,
And courted Pow'r for Wealth and Rest.
Why some Folks laugh'd, and some Folks rail'd,
Why some submitted, some assail'd,

Angry

.V. The TRIAL of S

An Author, ^{an Author,}
 Angry or pleas'd ---- all solv'd the Doubt,
 With who were in, and who were out,
 As destined to Conference
 The Sons of CLAMOUR grew so sickly;
 They look'd for Dissolution quickly;
 And all the States in Agony
 Their Weekly Journals, finely written,

The Pleader rose with ^{the Pleader}
 Were sunk in Privies ~~all been sent~~,
 Old-England, and the ^{to observe} London Evening,
 Hardly a Soul was found believing in, ^{and on the}
 And Caleb, once so bold ^{and strong},
 Was stupid now, and always wrong.

Ask ye whence rose this fatal Disgrace?
 Why SELIM has received a Blade,
 And thereby brought the Cause to Shame;
 Proving that People, void of Blame,
 Might serve their Country and their King,
 By making both the self-same Thing.
 Why some Folks hang'd, ^{by the}
 And others (by strange Arts deceiv'd),

SELIM the PERSIAN.

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That *Ministers* were sometimes right,
And meant not to destroy us quite.

THAT bart'ring thus in State Affairs,
He next must deal in sacred Wars,
The Clergy's Rights divine invade,
And smuggle in the Gospel-Trade.
And all this Zeal to re-instate
Exploded Notions, out of Date;
Sending old Rakes to Church in Shoals,
Like Children, sniv'ling for their Souls,
And Ladies gay, from Smut and Libels,
To learn Beliefs, and read their Bibles;
Erecting Conscience for a Tutor,
To damn the Present by the Future.
As if to Evils known and real
'Twas needful to annex ideal;
When all of human Life we know
Is Care, and Bitternes, and Woe,

D

With

The TRIAL of

With short Transitions of Delight,
 To set the shatter'd Spirits right.
 Then why such mighty Pains and Care,
 To make us humbler than we are?
 Forbidding short-liv'd Mirth and Laughter
 By Fears of what may come hereafter?
 Better in Ignorance to dwell;
 None fear, but who believe an Hell;
 And if there should be one, no Doubt
 Men of themselves would find it out.

BUT SELIM's Crimes, he said, went further,
 And barely stopp'd on this Side Murther;
 One yet remain'd to close the Charge,
 To which (with Leave) he'd speak at large.
 And first 'twas needful to premise,
 That tho' so long (for Reasons wise)
 The Press inviolate had stood,
 Productive of the public Good.

Yet

SELIM the PERSIAN.

LL

Yet still, too modest to abuse,
It rail'd at Vice, but told not whose.
That great Improvements, of late Days
Were made, to many an Author's Praise,
Who, not so scrupulously nice,
Proclaim'd the Person with the Vice,
Or gave, where Vices might be wanted,
The Name, and took the rest for granted,
Upon this Plan, a *Champion** rose,
Unrighteous Greatness to oppose,
Proving the Man *inventus non est*,
Who trades in Pow'r, and still is honest;
And (God be prais'd) he did it roundly,
Flogging a certain Junto soundly.
But chief his Anger was directed,
Where People least of all suspected;
And SELIM, not so strong as tall,
Beneath his Grasp appear'd to fall.
But INNOCENCE (as People say)
Stood by, and sav'd him in the Fray.

By

MORTDALE * Author of the *Letters to the Whigs*.

The TRIAL of

By Her assisted, and one TRUTH,
 A busy, prating, forward Youth,
 He rally'd all his Strength anew,
 And at the Foe a Letter threw,
 His weakest Part the Weapon found,
 And brought him senseless to the Ground.
 Hence OPPOSITION fled the Field,
 And IGN'ANCE with her sev'n-fold Shield;
 And well they might, for (Things weigh'd fully)
 The Pris'ner, with his Whore and Bully,
 Must prove for ev'ry Foe too hard,
 Who never fought with such a Guard.

BUT TRUTH and INNOCENCE, he said,
 Would stand him Here in little Stead,
 For they had Evidence on Oath,
 That would appear too hard for both.

Of Witnesses a fearful Train
 Came next, th' Indictments to sustain
 • DistrACTION,

DETraction, HATRED, and DISTRUST,

And PARTY, of all Foes the worst,

MALICE, REVENGE, and UNBELIEF,

And DISAPPOINTMENT, worn with Grief,

DISHONOUR foul, unaw'd by Shame,

And ev'ry Fiend that Vice can name.

All these in ample Form depos'd

Each Fact the triple Charge disclos'd,

With Taunts and Gibes of bitter Sort,

And asking Vengeance from the Court.

THE Pris'ner said in his Defence,

That he indeed had small Pretence

To soften Facts so deeply sworn,

But would for his Offences mourn;

Yet more he hop'd than bare Repentance

Might still be urg'd to ward the Sentence.

That he had held a Place some Years,

He own'd with Penitence and Tears,

But took it not from Motives base,
 Th' Indictment there mistook the Case;
 And tho' he had betray'd his Trust,
 In being to his Country just,
 Neglecting FACTION and her Friends,
 He did it not for wicked Ends,
 But that Complaints and Feuds might cease,
 And jarring Parties mix in Peace.

THAT what he wrote to GILBERT WEST
 Bore hard against him, he confess'd ;
 Yet there they wrong'd him ; for the Fact is,
 He reason'd for Belief, not Practice ;
 And People might believe, he thought,
 Tho' Practice might be deem'd a Fault.
 He either dreamt it, or was told,
 Religion was rever'd of old,
 That it gave Breeding no Offence,
 And was no Foe to Wit and Sense ;

But whether this was Truth, or Whim,
He would not say ; the Doubt with him
(And no great Harm he hop'd) was how
Th' enlighten'd World would take it now ;
If they admitted it, 'twas well,
If not, he never talk'd of Hell,
Nor even hop'd to change Men's Measures,
Or frighten Ladies from their Pleasures.

ONE Accusation, he confess'd,
Had touch'd him more than all the rest ;
Three *Patriot-Letters*, high in Fame,
By him o'erthrown, and brought to Shame.
And tho' it was a Rule in Vogue,
If one Man call'd another Rogue,
The Party injur'd might reply,
And on his Foe retort the Lie ;
Yet what accru'd from all his Labour,
But foul Dishonour to his Neighbour ?

And he's a most unchristian Elf,
 Who others damns to save himself.
 Besides, as all Men knew, he said,
 Those Letters only rail'd for Bread ;
 And Hunger was a known Excuse
 For Prostitution and Abuse ;
 A Guinea, properly apply'd,
 Had made the Writer change his Side ;
 He wish'd he had not cut and carv'd him,
 And own'd, he should have bought, not starv'd him.

THE Court, he said, knew all the rest,
 And must proceed as They thought best ;
 Only he hop'd such Resignation
 Would plead some little Mitigation ;
 And if his Character was clear
 From other Faults (and Friends were near,
 Who would, when call'd upon, attest it)
 He did in humblest Form request it,

To be from Punishment exempt,

And only suffer their Contempt.

THE Prisoner's Friends their Claim preferr'd,

In Turn demanding to be heard.

INTEGRITY and HONOUR swore,

BENEVOLENCE, and Twenty more,

That he was always of Their Party,

And that they knew him firm and hearty.

RELIGION, sober Dame, attended,

And, as she could, his Cause befriended ;

She said, 'twas since he came from College

She knew him, introduc'd by KNOWLEDGE;

The Man was modest and sincere,

Nor farther could She interfere.

The MUSSAS begg'd to interpose,

But ENVY with loud Hisstings rose,

And call'd them Women of ill Fame,

Liars, and Prostitutes to Shame ;

And said, to all the World 'twas known,

SELIM had Had them ev'ry one.

The TRIAL of

The Pris'ner blush'd, the Muzz's frown'd,
When Silence was proclaim'd around,
And FACTION, rising with the rest,
In Form the Pris'ner thus address'd.

You, SELIM, thrice have been indicted,
First, that by wicked Pride excited,
And bent your Country to disgrace,
You have receiv'd, and held a PLACE.
Next, INFIDELITY to wound,
You've dar'd, with Arguments profound,
To drive FREETHINKING to a Stand,
And with RELIGION vex the Land.
And lastly, in Contempt of Right,
With horrid and unnatural Spite,
You have an AUTHOR'S Fame o'erthrown,
Thereby to build and fence your own.

THESE Crimes successive, on your Trial,
Have met with Proofs beyond Denial;

To

SELIM the PERSIAN.

12

To which Yourself, with Shame, conceded,
And but in Mitigation pleaded.
Yet that the Justice of the Court
May suffer not in Men's Report,
Judgment a Moment I suspend,
To reason as from Friend to Friend.

AND first, that You, of all Mankind,
With KING'S and COURTS should stain your Mind !!
You! who were OPPOSITION'S Lord!
Her Nerves, her Sinews, and her Sword!
That You at last, for servile Ends,
Should wound the Bowels of her Friends! ——
Is Aggravation of Offence,
That leaves for Mercy no Pretence.
Yet more —— For You to urge your Hate,
And back the Church, to aid the State!
For You to publish such a Letter!
You! who have known RELIGION better!
For You, I say, to introduce
The Fraud again! —— There's no Excuse.

And

And last of all, to crown your Shame,
Was it for You to load with Blame
The Writings of a *Patriot-Youth*,
And summon INNOCENCE and TRUTH
To prop your Cause?—Was this for You?—Hold a fastnight
But Justice does your Crimes pursue;—Hold a fastnight
And Sentence now alone remains,
Which thus, by Me, the Court ordains.

“ THAT you return from whence you came,
“ There to be stript of all your Fame
“ By vulgar Hands; That once a Week
“ Old-England pinch you till you squeak;
“ That ribald Pamphlets do pursue you,
“ And Lies and Murmurs, to undo you,
“ With ev’ry Foe that WORTH procures,
“ And only VIRTUE’s Friends be YOURS.”

11.7.49

F. J. N.Y.S.